

1969

# The Fat Giraffe, volume 1, number 1 (1969)

Fat Giraffe

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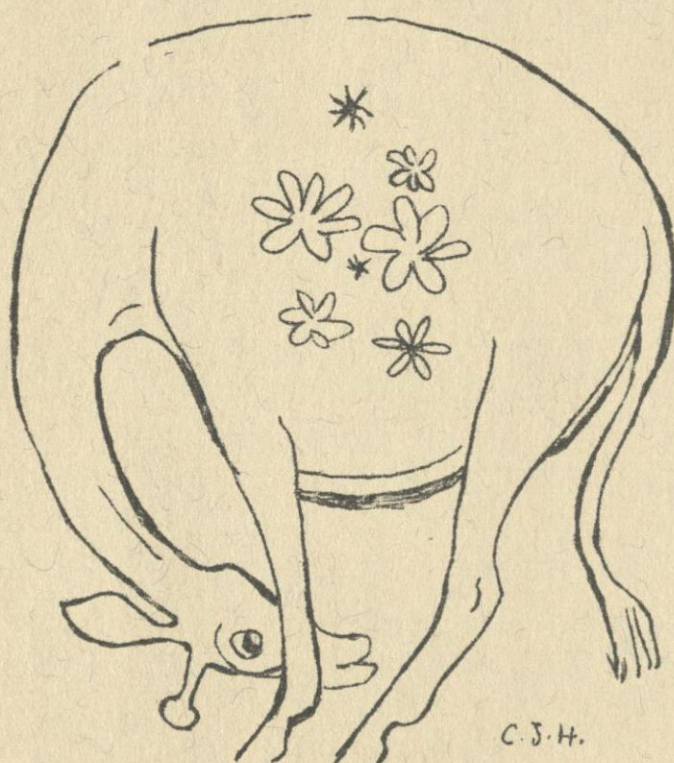
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# THE FAT GIRAFFE

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ONE  
DIME



The Fat Giraffe, an independent, non-profit publication of poetry and other creative writing, encourages contributions from all interested students and faculty. Our editorial policy is liberal (no censorship, since The Fat Giraffe is completely independent of MSC funds and facilities), and printing will be as frequent as possible, depending on the amount of available writing.

Manuscripts should be submitted to Mark Vinz, MacLean 202E. Further information may be obtained from Mike Moos (233-0572), Rich Callender (233-5130), or Mark Vinz (236-2235 or 236-5226).



## The Eye of the Clown

The eye of the clown,  
that unknowable presence  
revolving, returning  
from the moist,  
dream touch warmth,  
silver shape change  
blue tone's golden puff  
of eternal sleepskin,  
has come back for me  
sad  
in his blackness and whiteness  
to witness  
the moon arcade  
as it grunts and sighs,  
sings and laughs,  
gasps and cries.

He has come back for me  
to take me by the hand,  
to place that  
moon sadness  
into my mind.

As we revolve  
through the moon arcade  
of singing, dancing children  
it is raining  
blue-gold cellophane flowers  
and cinnamon bears,



and there are pine cones, pussy willows,  
wind, wine, wax, and waves,  
and a musical, fat giraffe  
for all the moon children.

But as the blue,  
white light haze  
burns off,  
a black faced clock  
with white hands  
centered in the aloneness  
of sleepskin  
ticks away  
the fragments of hours  
until the alarm  
sounds. . .  
and the moon children  
no longer sing and dance,  
and the eye of the clown slows,  
stops.

Releasing my hand,  
leaving my mind,  
the eye of the clown,  
that unknowable presence  
of blackness and whiteness,  
returns to the aloneness  
of sleepskin,  
where he will always be  
sad  
for the middle aged  
children.



licorice

tall and  
twisted. . .  
face  
blushing.  
weak. . .  
he  
bends to  
me.

- Deanna M. Schuster

Marmalade

If I were King and you were Queen  
And all the world were made  
Of sauerkraut and cherries,  
And marmalade  
Yes -- marmalade

And other things we like to eat  
And know will make us ill,  
What would we do?  
We'd still  
Get ill.

We'd have the things we really like --  
The heck with Dad, and Mother,  
We'd swim in syrup in a lake,  
And smother --  
Smother.

- Elsie Mack

The Rocking Winter  
(for D. H. Lawrence)

hair making a delicious arc  
over the blue of the boy with blasted eyes  
the nevergrown kid of cream skinpaper  
it's like a broken stuttering movie  
when you peek into his late room  
and find him rocking with a tanned mind

bucking oak horses used to run for  
money the young-old bets and wins  
tipping at last into a winter valley

- Keith A. Heller



# Iron Lung

You touch me to excess.  
 The heavy invisible  
 Hands have black  
 Vacuous fingers,  
 Lecherous, cruel.  
 I am raped daily.  
 The privacy of my darkness  
 Is not exclusive. This tool

Abuses me,  
 Stretching my sad breath,  
 Keeping death  
 A mistress

Chortling rudely  
 In my steel bed,  
 Compelling me to its bidding  
 With sluggish hands.

Carnations, roses,  
 Fat mums watch relentlessly,  
 Lewd eyes hidden  
 In shabby pastels.

I screamed once -  
 The orderly  
 Didn't believe me.  
 He frowned, scratched himself

And shot me to sleep.  
 My tomb mounts.  
 I'm deep on the  
 Last edge of a dream

Dulled, helpless  
 As if I should never remember.  
 I should never forget -  
 Cold, clasping net

Seething through  
 My broken shell, held  
 Alive in throbbing scratches,  
 A migraine in my lungs.

The best is dimmed.  
 Bloodless sight creeps past  
 The skull to the center,  
 Ugly of the agony inside.

- Rich Callender



## Thoughts

the sky is high  
can we ever reach it  
only through death  
can we understand  
the misgivings of a dragon

i will slay a dragon  
some day i will touch it  
on the beach the wind is cold  
but i am so warm with you  
to comfort me

look at the white cloud  
can we ever reach it  
only through love  
can we understand  
the fortunes of a cloud

pull me close to you  
some day i will hold you  
on the beach with your hands  
held tight against my face  
to comfort me

look at the little children  
will we ever love them  
only through the dragon  
will we understand  
the love of a woman



## THE COLD CRUCIFIX

Star Hotel, 160 N. Washington Avenue:

You poet. You saint. As you resurrect the stairs, she reaches her hand to you.

The bottle slips from your underarm and rolls down the steps, hitting against the doorway. She retrieves it, meeting you again at the top of the stairs, with a strange grin on her poxed face.

You pass down the hall. The lights twisting from the wall are dim and paint no shadows. The carpet--red with patterns of flowers--is at an angle. When she opens the door, you fall into the room.

--sorry. Laughter

--Laughter

She helps you up. Her palms are damp. And you fall to the bed. Your eyes catch the cracks in the ceiling and pass slowly over the wall to the moving image of her undressing. Lifting her legs, pulling off her clothes.

The heavy taste of wine is in your mouth. Your tongue spreads the taste over your teeth. You think you can taste her. That taste like nausea pushes up your nostrils. And you slap your hands on the pillow that your head has rested on.

Like a sucked thumb, you see the swing in front of your cabin, floating in the breeze--and the fishermen on the afternoon lake. You drank beer then, sitting on the lawn, drinking the daylight with a pen and a notebook. You scratched words. You scratched lines. You scratched strophes. And finally with some satisfaction, dropped the pen and the notebook to the grass.

She comes and sits naked on the bed. Noticed now to have no blankets nor sheets to wrap up into. The erratic rings of wine stains.

--Laughter

She gets up and walks to the window where the open curtains hang. She closes them, pulling the shade, walking back, throwing herself upon you.

--Come on. Come on. Laughter

--No. Let's pull the cork from the bottle.

Dumb animal. The bottle buried beneath the piled clothes in the corner of the room.

--You open it. Poet.

Lift yourself from the bed and remove your shirt, letting it drop to the dusty floor. Bring the bottle and pull the cork. She drinks. She swallows. You watch.

You wait and soon you smother her. She is your cross, Jesus. Red pimples on her golden tits. A thousand scars upon her cunt. She wraps you in her blankets of long brown hair and keeps you warm. You poet. You saint. You cold crucifix.

- Tom McConn